

The Charlotte Democrat.

[THIS PAPER IS 35 YEARS OLD]

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887.

VOLUME XXXV.—NUMBER 1830.

THE Charlotte Home - Democrat,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
YATES & STRONG.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents for 1 year.
One Dollar for 6 months.
Subscription price due in advance.

"Entered at the Post Office in Charlotte, N. C., as second class matter," according to the rules of the P. O. Department.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
(Under New Management.)
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Newly Furnished and Equipped
In the best style.

Hot and Cold Baths.—Patrons solicited.
Give us a trial. Rates, \$3 and \$3.50 per day.
SCOVILLE & BROCKENBROUGH,
Proprietors.
Feb. 26, 1887.

J. P. McCOMBS, M. D.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls, both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1885.

Dr. Annie L. Alexander,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Practice limited to diseases of WOMEN and CHILDREN, and attention to Female Patients.
Office, at Mrs. Latham's, 214 South Tryon street, nearly opposite the Post Office.
Charlotte, May 27, 1887.

BURWELL & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in Law Building.
Jan. 1, 1884.

HUGH W. HARRIS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office, First door west of Court House.
Oct. 17, 1885.

HERIOT CLARKSON,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
Prompt attention given to collections.
Nov. 7, 1885.

OSBORNE & MAXWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office 1 and 3 Law Building.
July 3, 1886.

HAMILTON C. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State Courts, and in all the Federal Courts in the Western District.
Jan. 8, 1886.

G. F. BASON,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office No. 16, Law Building.
Jan. 14, 1887.

DR. M. A. BLAND,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office in Brown's building, opposite Charlotte Hotel.
Gas used for the painless extraction of teeth.
Feb. 15, 1884.

DR. GEO. W. GRAHAM,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Practice limited to the
EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
Jan. 1, 1884.

HOFFMAN & ALEXANDER,
Surgeon Dentists,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office over A. R. Nisbet & Bro's store. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Jan. 1, 1886.

SPRINGS & BURWELL,
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
COR. COLLEGE AND 4TH STS.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Jan. 1, 1887.

Burwell, Springs & Lee,
COTTON BUYERS,
Charlotte, N. C.
Offices at Chambers' old Livery Stable, and at Springs & Burwell's Store, on College street, near the Cotton Platform.
Don't fail to see us before you sell. We want 10,000 Bales Cotton this season for direct shipment to Liverpool, and we fully realize that to get it we must pay full market prices. At any rate, it may pay you to see us.
BURWELL, SPRINGS & LEE.
Sept. 24, 1886.

BAKERY.
Having secured the services of one of the very best of Bakers, I am prepared to furnish Bread, Cakes, and everything in the Bakery line.
S. M. HOWELL,
East Trade Street.
Feb. 11, 1887.

KING'S Blood and Liver Pills.
King's Pills are peculiarly adapted to the following Diseases: Bilious, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Sick Headache, Piles, Indigestion, Constipation, Colic, Jaundice, Dropsy, Dysentery, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Bruisings of the Skin, Nervousness, and all Disorders that arise from a Disordered Liver or Impure Blood. For sale by
BURWELL & DUNN, Druggists,
Charlotte, N. C.
April 15, 1887.

The tempering of mill picks is more a matter of care and observation than any special material used in the process. More picks are spoiled by burning or overheating the corners than by any part of their manufacture. A slow fire and heating back from the point is an essential feature. Do not draw the edge thin. Leave it a little blunt and grind for the proper edge. Heat to a cherry red, no more at the corners than in the middle. Dip in clear water, and draw the temper to a full straw color. Brighten the edge surface on a grindstone or with emery paper before tempering.—*Miller's Review.*

Pharr & Long,
ONE-PRICED CLOTHIERS.
(Successors to E. D. Latta & Bro.)
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Have now the largest and best selected Stock of
Men's, Youths' and Boys' CLOTHING

In the State, and invite all Clothing purchasers to an examination of their Prices and Stock. We also have the latest Novelties in
Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Our Stock of
HATS

Includes everything to be desired in this line. We solicit Orders from a distance, to which we promise our careful attention. We will send goods on any part of the country, on approval returnable at our expense.
PHARR & LONG.
March 18, 1887.

French Brandy,
A genuine imported article, for sale by
W. M. WILSON & CO.,
Charlotte, N. C.
May 27, 1887.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
And all the leading PATENT MEDICINES
for sale by
R. H. JORDAN & CO.,
Charlotte, N. C.
March 26, 1886.

Executor's Notice.
Having qualified as Executor of the Will of Josiah Johnston, deceased, (colored), I hereby notify all persons having claims against said deceased to present them to me on or before the 5th day of June, 1887, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested and required to make immediate payment.
ALEXANDER MORRIS,
June 3, 1887. 6w—pd Executor.

ATTRACTIONS
And Real Benefits for the People.
Everything that belongs to Summer Goods marked down to prices never before heard of in this section.

Come and see them, and you will be convinced of the truth of what we claim.
Come Early.
And thus secure the cream of the many bargains we are daily offering.
E. L. KEESLER & CO.,
June 3, 1887.

University of North Carolina,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
The session is divided into two terms: the first beginning the last Thursday in August and ending at Christmas, the second beginning early in January and ending first Thursday in June. Tuition \$30 for each term. For room rent and board, \$5 per term. Those unable to pay their tuition are allowed to give their notes, secured if possible. Tuition in the Normal Course free. Post Graduate instruction also free. The Faculty is now sufficiently strong to give instruction in a wide range of studies.

For terms in the Law School apply to Hon. John Manning, L. D. For Catalogues apply to W. T. Patterson, Registrar, Chapel Hill, N. C. For special information apply to
KEMP B. BATTLE, L. L. D.
June 24, 1887. 1m

PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT
Brazilian Axis Cut Pebbles.
For sale by Hales & Boyne, Charlotte.

They are a natural stone, almost as hard as a diamond, take a high polish, will not scratch, nor will moisture collect on them in warm weather. They confer a brilliancy and a distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers. They neutralize and prevent the irritating rays of light from entering the eye. They improve, strengthen and preserve the sight, thereby resting the optic nerves in many very cases preventing headache. On account of the purity of the material of which they are made, they cause no dizziness or wavering of sight. Every pair warranted. The common, inferior Spectacles, which are sold and bought, regardless of their quality or accuracy, are made from inferior material or imperfect Lenses discarded from better grades, they stimulate heat, irritate and fatigue the eye, they refract rays of light unequally and fail to correct all optical defects. We wish to impress upon the public the importance of taking good care of their eyes, and never neglect wearing glasses when the first symptoms of failing sight appear. Every genuine pair is stamped with Trade-Mark B. P. The Pebbles are set in Gold, Silver, Celluloid, Steel, Nickel, and Rubber Frames. For sale by
HALES & BOYNE,
Jewelry and Opticians, Charlotte, N. C.
March 25, 1887.

Dodge's CHICKEN CHOLERA CURE.
A certain Cure for Cholera, for sale by
W. M. WILSON & CO.,
Charlotte, N. C.

Budwell's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil.
W. M. WILSON & CO'S.

Butter Color.
For making Yellow Butter.
W. M. WILSON & CO.,
March 18, 1887.

Lanterns, &c.
We have the Improved Tubular Lantern; also the Buckeye, with Double Globes.
R. H. JORDAN & CO.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler
Immediately curls, bangs or curls the Hair to any desired shape.
For sale by
R. H. JORDAN & CO.

Bread, Cakes and Pies
Of every description. Hot Rolls every evening at
S. M. HOWELL'S BAKERY,
Trade Street
Sept. 17, 1886.

Ready-Mixed Paints.
Averill Ready-Mixed Paints are considered the best. For sale by
W. M. WILSON & CO.,
Sept. 10, 1886.

Somewhere. Somewhere the wind is blowing. I thought as I toiled along In the burning heat of the noontide, And the fancy made me strong. Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing. Though here where I gasp and sigh Not a breath of air is stirring, Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for Exists on earth's wide bound, Somewhere the sun is shining. When winter nips the ground; Somewhere the flowers are springing, Somewhere the corn is brown And ready unto the harvest To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers, And weary men lay by The burden of the day's task, And wrapped in slumber lie. Somewhere the day is breaking, And gloom and darkness flee; Though storms our bark are tossing, There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus I thought, 'tis always In this mysterious life. There's always gladness somewhere, In spite of its pain and strife; And somewhere the sin and sorrow Of earth are known no more, Somewhere our weary spirits Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us Shall all have passed away, And doubt and fear no longer Impede the perfect day. O brother, though the darkness Around thy soul be cast, The earth is rolling onward, And light shall come at last.

—Good Words.

Charmed by a Snake.
While walking along the railroad, from a rustling in the bushes my attention was directed to the spot, when to my surprise I saw a large king-snake slithering along rapidly, and just behind was a full-grown rabbit following the snake, apparently without fear. The rabbit would stop until the snake would get five or six feet in advance, and would then move up by the side of the snake and stop. The snake was moving in the direction of where I was standing and when about six feet off the snake discovered me and stopped. The rabbit ran on immediately in front of the snake without taking notice of my presence, and then stopped. The snake placed himself in a striking position, and both remained quiet for a time. Finally I drew my stick to hit the rabbit, it discovered me and ran off. The rabbit looked upon me as an enemy, or friend and deliverer, or perhaps its instinct taught him that the snake was its destroyer and so charmed that it could not resist the magnetic influence and there was a mediator at hand; or perhaps its instinct taught it that the king-snake was the destroyer of other snakes the fed upon birds, rabbits, etc., and looked upon the king-snake as a protector.—*Bazley (Ga.) Banner.*

BIG STOCK OF Ladies' Muslin and Gauze UNDERWEAR.
Balbriggan's and Little Thread. Under-Vests, all sizes and all qualities. Another stock of Swiss and Nainsook Flouncing at 25 per cent less than earlier in the season. We have made big reductions in prices of some White Goods, Oriental Laces, Torchon Laces, Children's Hosiery, etc. If you want a nice
Traveling Trunk,
We have them and will sell you cheap. Come and see what bargains we are offering.
HARGRAVES & ALEXANDER,
June 8, 1887. 33 West Trade street.

Pure Reliable Drugs
An assortment not to be excelled in quality and prices anywhere. In fact everything kept in a first class Drug Store can be found in this establishment. Give us a call.
R. T. BECK & CO.,
Cor. Trade and College Sts., Charlotte, N. C.
June 17, 1887.

Glass.
We have received a large and complete stock of Window Glass, large and small sizes, single and double thick.
R. H. JORDAN & CO.,
May 15, 1886. Springs Corner.

100,000 Pounds of RAGS WANTED.
Paid in Cash or Trade, at
ROSS & ADAMS'
Book and Stationery Store, No. 17 S. Tryon St.
July 9, 1886.

To Farmers and Merchants.
3,000 pounds Blue Stone, Wholesale and Retail.
W. M. WILSON & CO.,

NEW MILLINERY FIRM AND NEW STOCK.
The undersigned will open in a few days a choice, and well selected stock of MILLINERY, and all other lines of Goods connected with the Millinery Trade. Our Stock has been carefully selected by C. M. QUERRY, who has just returned from the Northern Markets, where he has secured all the latest Novelties and at

The Lowest Prices
Goods can be bought for cash. Our terms (according to our written contract) will be
Strictly Cash on Delivery,
And we assure our old friends and customers, that we cannot charge Goods at our books (except by special contract), the great advantage we can give you in low prices will ten times over balance the small and unsatisfactory benefit of having Goods charged for a few days or weeks.

Our Trimming and Dress Making Department will be managed by Mrs. QUERRY, herself. We have secured the services of that popular and efficient Saleslady, Miss BESSIE HOSKINS. We extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see our

NEW STYLES
And low cash Prices, and will do our best to please you, and guarantee entire satisfaction in anything you buy from us.

Orders by Mail solicited. They will receive prompt and careful attention.
Mrs. P. QUERRY & CO.
March 18, 1887.

Fishing Propensities of the Eagle.
Some curious stories of the eagle, in relation particularly to its fishing propensities, are given in Capt. Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe." It must be mentioned that the eagle and pike stories are not given on the eagle's own authority, but on that of other men whom he considered trustworthy, and whose names he gives. It appears that several instances were known of pike swimming about Scandinavian lakes and rivers with the skeletons of eagles attached to them by the talons. The bird had seized the fish, and not being able to disengage his talons had been taken under the water and drowned. The stories are as follows: "In the island of Helsingland, in Sweden, is a lake of Ringingen, in Sweden," so said Dr. Willman, "pike have been caught with the eagle on their backs. The one taken in Western had for a number of years exhibited the skeleton above the surface of the water; and the fishermen, who believed it to be the harbinger of misfortune, always, when aware of it, made for the shore as quickly as possible. The flesh having rotted away from the bones, the skeleton had assumed a greenish hue, probably in consequence of some algae or the like with which it was overgrown, causing it at a distance to resemble a bush." Again: "My brother, Capt. Axel Westfield, Lieutenant J. Lekander, and the fisherman Modin," writes a friend on whom I place every reliance, "were one day fishing with the Langelag—that is, a line of great length—in a large lake in Fyklad, in Wormaland. When they had proceeded a considerable distance from the land, Modin suddenly pulled the boat around, and, in evident alarm, commenced rowing with all his might toward the shore. One of the party asked the man what he meant by this strange conduct. 'The Sjörol, or water-spirit, is here again,' replied he, at the same time pointing with his finger far to seaward. Every one in the boat then saw in the distance, something that resembled the horns of an elk or reindeer progressing rapidly on the surface of the water. 'Row toward it,' exclaimed Lekander; 'and if I don't give this ghostly Sjörol a shot I am not afraid of it.' It was with great difficulty, however, that Modin could be prevailed upon once more to alter the course of the boat and to make for the apparition. But at length the man's fears were partially allayed, and the chase commenced in good earnest. When they had neared the object sufficiently, Lekander, who was standing in the bow of the boat, fired, and fortunately with deadly effect. On taking possession of the prize it was found to be a huge pike, to whose back the skeleton of an eagle was attached. This fish, or rather the bones of the bird, had been seen by numbers for several years together, and unknown to them under the above designation of 'Sjörol'."

A Narrow Escape.
The tale I am about to tell is something that I shall never cease to regret, and of which I am to this day ashamed; yet, because the fault is so common and the temptation so sudden, in the hope of protecting others against it, I shall unobscure myself, and bring forward the previously unpublished history of a scene which made the persons concerned practically several years older in an instant of time.

A long while ago I received a visit from a gentleman, who spent the evening with me. During the evening various incidents were narrated by him and myself. At last I told of a circumstance which had recently occurred. In the story an acquaintance given of me, by the use of the pistol an assault from a man under the influence of delirium tremens.

In the course of the narrative I took a single-barrelled pistol from a drawer and pointed it at my friend to illustrate the scene described. The pistol I was sure was not loaded. The pistol had but one barrel, and I shot the load out of it and placed it safely in the drawer, so I was certain there was no danger in it. I pointed it at my visitor at a distance of about two feet from his face, and went on with the story. He looked at the pistol and at me, and said, "Don't point that at me, my friend."

"O," said I, "there is no load in it; I shot the load out of it myself a few days ago," and to prove that it was safe I turned it toward my own breast, and though it was cocked, I pulled upon the trigger with all my might.

"O, well," said he, "if it isn't loaded go on with the story."

So I pointed it at him again and continued the story, unconsciously pulling still on the trigger, when horrible to tell, it was discharged, killing my friend's face with powder, the bullet grazing his face as it passed, and sinking half an inch into a mahogany writing desk on the other side of the room.

Who loaded that pistol after I had emptied it I never knew. Why it did not go off when I pointed it at my own breast and did my best to snap the trigger, I cannot tell. That it was the merest accident that I was not pointing it full in my friend's face when it did explode I very well knew.

Two badly frightened men were there and as thinking they were frightened, realizing the folly of my conduct I asked my friend not to mention the occurrence for ten years.

It has been thirty years, and last summer as I entered the Methodist Episcopal Church at Greenland, N. H., I found that the pastor was absent, and saw that very man, the Rev. C. N. Dinsmore, in the pulpit preaching the sermon. A most vivid recollection of a narrow escape from suicide in the first instance, and homicide in the second diverted my attention for a few moments from the discourse. And I thanked God for my escape and for his.

Never point a pistol, even if you think you know it to be empty, at any person. I had never done it before, and you may be certain I have never done it since. But in two years afterward I counted two hundred and four instances recorded in the newspapers of persons accidentally shot and seriously or fatally wounded by just such a foolish fellow as I was.—*J. M. Buckley, D. D.*

Hurry and Dispatch.
Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having or imagining they have more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated, and nervous; and, under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand with out requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it—sometimes important parts—and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance, which can neither be permanent nor satisfactory.

There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult mental labor, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of building is the best finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through, and annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes danger ensue, and repairs are soon found necessary. The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster ensues. The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptom, and his patient dies; the lawyer hurries through his plea, and loses his case; the preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon, and fails to make an impression; the artist hurries on his picture to completion, and his best conception is not there; the teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction, and the student is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life, that is endured in the world is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterize so much of the labor performed.

Many persons not only drift into these hurried ways, but pride themselves upon them. They boast of their speed, and contrast it with the slower measures of their most deliberate neighbors. They take themselves upon their dispatch, and hold themselves of more value on that account. Slowness in work, lingering or loitering over what is to be done, is not to be recommended. On the contrary, energy and vigor will prompt the healthy and industrious man to labor steadily and rapidly, while neglecting nothing that is needed to perfect his work. But this is very different from the agitated and excited hurry which has been mentioned, and which is to be deprecated.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ATTENTION! FARMERS!!
We are now ready to buy WOOD for our Factory. Parties having Hickory and White Oak to sell would do well to call on us.
CARSON BROS.,
July 8, 1887. 1m Charlotte, N. C.

The Wilmington Star.
REDUCTION IN PRICE.
Attention is called to the following reduced rates of subscription, cash in advance:
THIS DAILY STAR—One year \$6, six months \$3, three months \$1.50, one month \$0.50.
THE WEEKLY STAR—One year \$1, six months 60 cents, three months 30 cents.

Our Telegraph News service has recently been largely increased, and it is again determined to keep the STAR up to the highest standard of newspaper excellence. Address
W. M. BERNARD,
July 8, 1887. Wilmington, N. C.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!
New Stock, Low Prices.
We are rapidly filling our large and handsome New Store with New Goods to replace Stock destroyed by the fall of our building 14th May last.

The Merchants of the surrounding country have only to give us a trial to be convinced that we are selling Hardware as low as any house in the State.
HAMMOND & JUSTICE.
Oct. 9, 1886.

A Mother's Influence.
It has been beautifully said of a mother that "she is both the morning and evening star of life. The light of her eye is always the first to set and generally the last to set upon the checkered life of man." She wields a power more decisive far than syllogism in argument or courts of last appeal in authority. Next to Omnipotence, hers is the strongest moral influence known upon earth. She has been called "the Divinity of Infancy." She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first laps her little one in elysium by clasping it to her bosom, "its first paradise," to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, her smile, her word, her wish is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise from her is a joy for a day. A mother's look, a mother's smile or a mother's word may seem to be a small and insignificant thing, but more mature reflection will bring us to a very different conclusion. We might ask the one who may be tempted to attach but little importance to the influence of the mother. Is it a little thing to fashion the immortal spirit after a heavenly model? Is it a little thing to develop infant power and bring to light all that seems hidden in the soul—to train the ear by sweet sounds and the eye by lovely colors? Is it a little thing to teach the use of language and form what is emphatically called "our mother tongue?"

It is the godly mother—the mother whose heart is illuminated with heavenly light and quickened and sanctified by the Holy Spirit—that offers the simple, tender, touching prayer which the young can comprehend and can seize upon the happy moment for implanting truth. She, and she only, can time all and rule all by that sceptre which is wreathed with silk, the sceptre of genuine, heartfelt love. A little boy, when asked what made home pleasant and beautiful, and why one house was not so much a home as another, replied, "because she is here." True, living consistency is the mother's brightest ornament, her truest glory, her noblest support and her richest pleasure. Her life should be a calm, holy, beautiful walk from the hearthstone to the altar fire, from the bosom of her family to the throne of God.

It has been the testimony of good men in all ages, that they owe chiefly to their mother's love, the best inspiration of their lives. "I had rather possess my mother's picture," once wrote the poet Cowper, "than the richest jewel in the British crown." The venerable John Quincy Adams once said, "It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that, such as I have been, whatever it was and such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother." Sweetly and truly has the poet sung,

"The sounds that fall on mortal ear,
As dew-drops pure as tears;
That soothe the breast or start the tear,
Are Mother, Home, and Heaven!"

A Farmer Saved by a Dog.
From the town of Castelnau, France, writes a Paris correspondent, comes a story that is literally true, yet which reads like the invention of a sensational novelist. A farmer living in the environs of that town, and who was known to have saved money, returned home one evening, accompanied by his dog, a large, powerful, and very intelligent animal. On reaching the house, the dog at once darted to the farmer's bedroom, as if in search of something, and dashed under the bed. A short struggle ensued, and the dog then emerged dragging the corpse of a man that he had found hidden under the bed, and whom he had seized by the throat and instantly strangled. The farmer's wife recognized the dead man as a tramp to whom she had given the morning given food and drink, and who had then, as she thought, gone on his way. Her husband at once went in search of the police, who, on arriving, thoroughly examined the body. Concealed in the clothes were found a long, sharp knife, a loaded revolver, and a whistle. The policemen then hid themselves, and one of their number blew the whistle. Four men entered the house, and entered the house, and were immediately captured. Thanks to the dog, the lives of the farmer and his wife had been saved, for one of the miscreants confessed that their comrade was to have murdered them both, and that they themselves were then to have aided in stripping the house of its contents and in carrying them away.

A "Funny" Thing.
"Funny thing occurred down at our house, Christmas," said the brakeman. "I was away almost every night in the year, but Christmas night I got a lay-off and staid home with the wife and babies. Next door to us lives one of the stingiest old codgers that ever was. Wheeler is his name, and everybody calls him stingy Wheeler. He is an old chap, who has no children and no friends, and who is said to be worth a good deal of money. I've had a good deal of sickness in my house this winter, and times have been pretty hard with us. It was mighty little Christmas we had, I can tell you. 'Well, there's one thing we can say, Henry,' said my wife to me, 'and that is that our house is not hard to warm. It beats all the way cool does last us here. That half-ton you got a month ago isn't nearly all gone yet.' 'That's the way coal lasts when there's nobody to steal it, as we had where we lived last,' I replied. 'Now there's only one man in this neighborhood I'd suspect of stealing coal, and that's stingy Wheeler. I wouldn't trust that old codger any farther.' 'Neither would I,' said my wife. That night after we got in bed my wife woke me, saying that she was sure she heard some one in the coal-house. I believe I'd old Wheeler, I said. 'So do I,' my wife replied; 'be careful, Henry, and don't get into any trouble with the old skinflint,' she added, as I hastily dressed myself. Softly I tiptoed out to the coal-house, and, sure enough, there was a man there hard at work with a shovel. It was stingy Wheeler, and he was throwing coal from his bin into mine!"

Camden county farmers have about laid by their corn.

What may be Accomplished by Energy and Perseverance.
Col. H. W. Pinckney, in Dixie, a newspaper published in Atlanta, Ga., relates the following incidents, which came under the writer's own observation, where success trod closely on the heel of perseverance and industry:

A man can make a living, and also make money, in hundreds of different ways in this country, and it is a mighty good thing that this is so, else over-production would be the rule, not the exception. I know a man who is getting rich out of baby swings. It's a simple, cheap thing to make, and he started in a simple and cheap way to make them, his entire outfit of tools comprising two saws, two saw benches, a draw shave, two hand planes, a brace and some bits, a rough work bench. He didn't stand around with his pockets waiting for somebody with capital to come along and buy making a Not much. He thought these swings would sell so he made one and peddled it round until he found a purchaser. Then he made another and sold that, and thus he kept on until finally people began to think his swings were a good thing to have in the family, and they began to inquire for them. He started eight years ago, and alone did all the work of making and selling them. Things with him are very different to-day. He has a shop two stories in height, and machinery for sawing, planing, boring, mortising, turning, and sandpapering the material entering into the construction of these swings. In that shop forty men find constant employment, and, as I said before, the owner is getting rich out of it. Counting the wives and children of the workmen in that shop, there is a population of nearly a quarter of a million of people, or quite one hundred and fifty thousand, living out of one man's idea that a baby swing would sell. A baby swing is not a very big thing, but it is in this case big enough to keep quite a little village busy and comfortable.

A step ladder is a mighty handy thing to have around the house. Five years ago, three men, by the closest kind of scraping, twisting, and bending, managed to get together five hundred dollars. They bought some lumber, rigged up a circular or buzz, rip saw, and started in to make step ladders. For two years it was a struggle of the hardest kind; sales had to be made by personal canvass, prices obtained permitted no margin of profit, and the outlook was of such a discouraging nature that their friends and neighbors pitied them, their friends, their friends, and finally laughed at their folly in sticking by a losing game. There came a change, however. A prominent house-furnishing goods firm one day wrote them for prices on five thousand ladders. The size of this possible order very nearly took them off their feet. They had sense enough, however, to understand that this big business would not give them the order unless prices were lowered a way down, they sat down and figured the thing over, and having decided that matter, awaited the result, which turned in their favor and they got the order. Then they went to work; each one took his coat off and pitched in; they worked sixteen hours a day until that order was filled, and it was filled on time, and each ladder was honestly made. The only expense they realized was for lumber, screws and putty. They had done all the work themselves. This was the turning point in their business career. Within a month from the delivery of these five thousand ladders they had contracted with the same house for a monthly supply of two thousand five hundred. They were on their feet now, and began to push things. They are turning out to-day, with fifteen men, ten thousand a week, and this month, they have been doing this for more than a year.

About fifteen years ago, in one of the big planing mills in Chicago, a strip of board catching, in some unaccountable manner, on a buzz saw, was hurled with violence against the leg of one of the workmen, breaking it and badly mangle the flesh. The injury resulted in incapacitating the man for performing the labor required of him in the mill, and he was compelled to seek other means of livelihood. A man of fine mechanical attainments, his endeavors very naturally sought outlet in that direction, so he built, after his own ideas, a scroll or fret saw, foot power, and rigged up a seat on it, as he was unable to stand for any length of time, and began sawing out and putting together articles for household ornament and utility. He regarded this as simply a temporary means of making a living. After a time he added to his scroll saw a light boring attachment and then a little turning lathe. Then he bought a cheap set of carver's tools. You see he was always looking out to save labor and to combine originality in the articles he turned out. Time ran along, and almost before he knew it, he was getting more orders than he could fill. He was getting more orders to dress and prepare his materials, lay out the patterns, and put the articles together. Still his orders increased, and he hired another and still another man. To-day he has thirty men in his employment, and he does no physical labor himself. Making money? Yes, right along, but it was a very little thing that gave him his start.

Now, the point I wish to make is this: Capital, in large amounts, is not necessary in the founding of industrial enterprises. A good deal of pluck and energy, and an unconquerable perseverance, are better than money, because, having these, money becomes the result, not the means of success. Money is valuable, not as the means by which an end may be accomplished, but rather because it is the result of an accomplished end. It has power; immense power, but without energy behind it, it is powerless. Perseverance and energy can conquer, alone, all that money can make. Perseverance and energy. What I would like to see in our Sunny South more small industrial establishments. I would rather see a dozen shops employing three men each, than one shop employing three dozen men. There is more money in the three dozen, because there is greater possibility for their expansion and growth. Don't wait for the establishment of big enterprises with heavy capital, but start little ones in a modest way, and then let them grow, as the majority of them surely will.

State Library